BLAKELY HALL IN BERLIN.

NOTES BY AN AMERICAN REPORTES
IN THE KAIERR'S CAPITAL.

Cabe sac Cohmon—Learning in the Bear Salicone—Asicalables Relicrestraint Fractions of English university. But wherein the local Asicalables Relicrestraint Fractions of English university. But wherein the local Asicalables Relicrestraint Fractions of English university. But wherein the local Asicalables Relicrestraint Fractions of English university. But wherein the local and the l

Finally he says:
"It is five miles away."

He looks at his horse and shakes his head. The stranger shares his misgivings, for the horse is a moving sight. A long silonce ensues. during which the man who is in a hurry looks at his watch many times. Finally the driver

What do you want?" he asks, slowly. "I want your cab."

"Where to?"
"To Charlottenburg, you thundering ape!" "When?"
"Why now, of source."

"I should think you'd take the railway."
"Well, I won't!"

"Pind out."
The cabman attempts to follow out this injunction by a process of reasoning, and, lean-ing against his muddy wheel, he becomes wrapt

This done, the great man goes in a brain-weary but resolute way to supper. The one all-pervading, regnant, dominant, and rigorous purpose of the British correspondent's life is to find out all the news himself, but keep his paper from knowing anything about it. I was present at the side of a famous correspondent, who had kindly taken me under his wing kere, whon his secretaries came in with the news after the funeral. They had all told their tales and received instructions, when the secretary who had undertaken to do a description of the crowd strolled in.

"Ah. Jones," said the chief, looking the late comer over through his single glass and lighting a fresh cigar. "rawther a big crowd, sh?" I should say so," said Jones; "and such a mucky day. I've got everything."

"What, fob instance?"

"A little child was born in the slush and rain in the great jam near the cathedral."

"What a devillish damp and erratic sort of a proceeding."

"Shall I write it?" ing against his muddy wheel, he becomes wrapt in cogitation again. The stranger jumps into the cab and peppers the cabman with Ollendorf German while he assertains by experience that there is not room to sit upright, and no place for his legs. There is an edor of primeval dust in the cushions, and the seat sags at one corner. The driver finishes his pips, puts it carefully away, ties a woollen scarf around his neck, pulls a stockinet cap over his ears, puts on buckskin gloves, winds his watch, takes some shuff, ties up the broken harness with bits of rope, folds the horse's blanket, mounts the seat, and, jerking the relins briskly, goes to alsep. Thenceforth the driver ceases to exist to all practical intents and purposas

"What a devilish damp and erratic sort of a proceeding."
"Shall I write it?"
"Er-no."
"Woman climbed up in tree in park." continued Jones, reading from a voluminous note book. "named Schwartzgenfelder."
"Name of woman or tree?"
"Of woman. Stayed there all night so's t' have good place t' see funeral procession, froze absolutely to death, and fell down a corpse as parade passed. Shall I write it?"
"Er-no." with bits of rope, folds the horse's blanket, mounts the seat, and, jerking the reins briskly, goes to alsep. Thenceforth the driver ceases to exist to all practical intents and purposes, and the horse after a rugged and heartrending shiver starts off in a vague and indefinite way for Charjottenburg, managing to do it as a rule on sebedule time—four hours.

There is by this time a lack of freahness about any information treating of the late. Ruleer's funeral, but there was an incident connected with it which escaped the papers at the time. The new Emperor had been forbidden by his dectors to expose himself to the weather on the day of the funeral. All of his immediate family had, however, gone forth, leaving the new Emperor alone with his attendants in the paisee. He wandered away from them and waited up and down the conservatory, wrapt in glocomy thoughts. For a time, and then slowly mounted the stars till he reached a suits of rooms on the upper story. Here he closed the doers, threw open a window, and stood there holding a handkerchief to his mouth and watching the broad syenus that sweet by the palace to the manuschem. No one noticed the reign-

"Er-no."
"Corpse lay there for two hours in a crowd mattended while people stared at funeral."
"Good God."
"Shall I write it?"

preceded by some such remark as this:
Your correspondent learns the following at a late bour
to night from a State functionary of supendous im-portance, who holds the balance of nations in the hollow
of his hand, but does not care to have his name appear.

Or this:

From the palace the information comes to your correspondent through a distinguished and famous diplomat, who stands high in the councils of the state, that affairs are as follows.

This done, the great man goes in a brain-

"Shall I write it?"

"Er-no."
"A man. name known, paid entire year's rent of 58 Unter der Linden for window privileges to-day-4.000 marks. Shall I write it?"

"Er-no."
It went on this way for half an hour, and then the chief said thoughtfully:

"You might write a general paragraph, you know, Jones, about large mass people 'n all that, leaving out details, and say that from inside information received from an indubitably high official source there must have been half a million people present to see funeral."

"But the regular figures of the Police Department place the number at nearly 700,000. Hadp't I better make it that?"

"Er-no."

holding a handkerchiet to his mouth and watching the broad syenus that swept by the pulsoe to the manusolsum. No one noticed the reigning monarch at his post till the funeral had nearly presed, when the fluttering of the handkerchief attracted the notice of an observant few. The new Raiser no longer held the handkerchief over his mouth, but pressed it to his eyes. No father ever had a more loving son than the dead faiser was blessed with.

There is apparently no end of men in Germany who pass their lives in serene complacency holding a particular chair in a favorite cate firmly in its place on the floor. They do not frequent public places in the light and frivolous spirit of amusement seeking. The chair and the beer garden are as essential to their lives as breathing. So it may incidentally be remarked is the beer. The surface life of Berlin is not speciacularly impressive, as it is "Er—no."
Then the war correspondent suggested a snack of beer and the wing of a sold fowl, and we went down stairs while the secretaries ground out the conventional English despatch of the conventional length with the same old, stale, and wearlsome presentation of common place observations, marked "official" and "inside," as usual.

BLAKELY HALL.

MYSTERIES OF THE GERMAN BED.

Soldiers Trained to Fight. The Hatred of Mackonsic-Ham Sandwich Dissipation. BERLIN, March 30 .- When a man announces in a German hotel that he has made it's painted." It is, therefore, quite within the up his mind to take a bath, a wave of incredulity, baffled wrath, and alert resentment sweeps over the establishment. The chambermaid rushes after the waiter, he brings the manager, and finally the proprietor comes up and looks the guest over with an air of dim

their lives as breathing. So it may incidentally be remarked is the beer. The surface life of Berlin is not speciacularly impressive, as it is in Paris and London. The citizens are, with the exception of the officers, the worst dressed men in Europe. They are apily described by the word slouchy. The neckties are dim and chosen with execrable taste, and the clothes are baggy, ill fitting, and dingy. This is the more remarkable because the officers of the derman army are the leading dandles of the civilized world, and the crack tailors of London and Paris are nearly all Germans. In his native city the German wears big and rough boots, and garments noticeable for their clumsiness. He lounges about theatres musichalls, and cates, with his hands in his pockets and his head hanging forward, content to driak beer and falk—and it is when he taiks that the charm begins. It is associated to the remaining the surface of the French to hear a party of Berlin men in a discussion, They are the best taikers in the exhibit of medical surfaces and varied knowledge in the world. They strainments of even the humblest of the frequenters of the beer reading a good deal of army literature for some days, and had just flaghed an exhaustive strile by Sir Charles Dilks in the January Fortagidity on "European Armies." The subject was fresh in my mind, and is special taik on the Bart of the Berlin loungers exhibited an amount of general and technical knowledge on the naval and military forces of the world that was amazing. They had facts and figures at the sais of their tongues that would have done credit to military specialists. They knew more-very much more, indeed—of our civil was than the majority of Americans, and one of them, a corps student, fell into the hottest sort of a discussion with his neighbor over our management of the Indian question.

This led () a general talk on the United States—almost wholy about the tariff and the wonderful Constitution that had worn so well for a hundred years and still bore so few amendments. This

My companion—a suave man of the world and banker of great importance here—smiled as he contiaused:

"I don't think I shall be accused of prejudice, either, on a nationalist hasis, for I am not German, English, or French. My mother was an Algerian Jawess, my father a Russian refugee, and I was born in the troublesome times of 38 in the Argentine Confederation. The first language I apoke was Portuguese when we lived in Brazil. I can look at the subject more or less from the outside. A few days ago I read a book by a man who was ones in partnership with another—the names escape me."

"Waiter Resant?"

"That's the name. The writer spoke bonsifully through one of his characters of the wonderful knowledge of German clerks in London who were pushing all the English clerks out into the cold. An Eaglish clerk at a hundred pounds a year does his duty, but knows nothing. He's a well-drilled cockney, that is all. For the same salary any business man in London can

to discover it.

He knows just as well on which side of the train one can get the best view of the Yang-tse-kiang, running toward Hong Kong, as he does the time the crack train leaves between Penn

rian one can got the best view of the language.

Kiang, running toward Hong Kong, as he does
the time the crack train leaves between Penn
Yan and Oshkosh.

He can, without an instant's hesitation, repeat verbatim every State paper that has ever
passed between Bismarck and Kalnoky, or give
you the ages of hand of Lord Handolph
Churchill, Mother Mandelbaum, Tolstol, C. M.
Richmond, Boulanger, Tim Healy, Don Carlos,
or anybody else who has ever been heard of,
He speaks every language under the sun, and
he is as serene and genfai as a universal fountain head of abuse and ignominy as the most
subtle and wily of Washington lobbysits.

The coming Emperor is of a sullen mould.
The voung Crown Prince stalked out of the big
Friederich street station the other aight and
faced a multitude of men who were waiting for
a change to cheer the soldier idol who is to suceed the present invalid. Prince William
seemed then not pretty, but tall, surly, magnificent, and intent. "Soldiers are made to
fight," he saye. Bismarck's plea has been that
in this empire soldiers were made to preserve
the peace by convincing the enemies of Germany that it would not be wise to make war.
At an early day the young Crown Prince will
ascend the throne, and then the world will see
what the 2,000,000 soldiers of Germany were
created for. They worship this moody, resentful Prince, these 2,000,000 fighters. He is not
yet 30; he hates the English; he detests the
Russians; his power will be absolute and unhampered.

No wonder Europe watches the doctor's bul-

created for. They worship this moody, resentful Prince, these 2,000,000 fighters. He is not
yet 30: he hates the English: he detests the
Russians: his power will be absolute and unhampered.

No wonder Europe watches the doctor's bulletins with keen alarm when the death of Frederick III. means the accession of a man who is
as much the fighter and disputant as his ancestor, Frederick the Great.

The pet enemy of the Crown Prince, and indeed of nearly all the leyal Germans is Dr.
Morell Mackenzie, who practically saved the
Emperor's life by preventing the German doctors from performing an operation a month
ago that would undoubtedly have been fatal.
It is easy to see that this earned him the everlasting hatred of the German physicians, but
exactly how this feeling was carried to the
breasts of all the German people is a mystery.
There is no doubt that the most thoroughly
detested man in Germany to-day is the British
doctor. But the Emperor leans on and trusts
his foreign physician and the Emperor's wish
easily overrides the will of the people. Three
attacks have been made already upon the man
whose greatest crims is that he has been of
nee to the sovereign and now he goes forth
with an armed guard to protect him from the
people—and it may also be added to prevent
him from talking with newspaper correspondents. It is of the utmost importance now to
keep; all alarming news from the public.

I dropped into a theatre here the other night
that revealed to me the real scope, depth, and
finish of the great and unapproachable ham
sandwich as an object of entertainment. I
can understand a people who are in a revel of
dissipation plunging heading into the inordinate consumption of absinthe, cognac, benzine, petroleum, or naphtha, but I confess that
the form of human vice that leses itself in an
unholy lust for the ham sandwich is too much
for me. Thousands of people who are in a revel of
dissipation plunging heading into the inordinate on the house of the people. The
bay-blue eyes, tucked soven large

BERLIN, March 31 .- There is one famous man in the world who is not a disappointing spectacle to the stranger who sees him for the pressive in appearance than the caracaturists and photographers make him. The man who encounters eminent persons is apt to discover at first sight that President Cleveland is a ough-looking fat man, the Prince of Wales of dumpy" and commonplace appearance. Lord Randolph Churchill a dapper little counter jumper in looks, the Emperor of Austria the picture of a village druggist, and so on inter-minably. Finally he coases to expect that any minably. Finally ac ceases to expect that any prominent man will look the measure of his fame. There are people who find that everything falls below the heights of vaulting fancy. Our Oscar Wilds told ma the night of his first arrival in America that he had found the Atlantic Ocean "a disappointing thing," and a contemporary celebrity with whom I had a speaking acquaintance in formed me not much later that he had just come from Niagara Falls. "which is, upon me word," he avowed contemptuously, "about the lowest down bluff I ever seen-sin't half what Hungry Joe might find Bismarck less of a figure than they expected. I will remark in passing-since this is a

managor, and finally the proprietor comes up and looks the guest over with an air of dim melancholy.

"Why," he asks sadly, "do youlkake a bath ton-light?"

"Because I want it."

"Because I want it."

"Because I want it."

"Here—in this room?"

"Of course. I don't propose to go on the root of the course of Bond trends of the course of Bond trends of the third of a man who washes his hands of a transaction that involves a supclicion of must be a supplicion of desultory letter of personal observations of distinguished people whom I have recently seen—that I met Mr. O. Wilde not long since in

cocked out amisbly at the people from beneath a pair of sheary re-brows. His sarries wang smilly, and he strode along as though life had ust begun for him. His sarries and soveral secretaries followed at a short distance. Everywhere the people stood stock still and barsheaded while Blamarck passed. The pollosmen sven stopped the vehicles, and the drivers remained with their hands to their hat in statuseague respect as the big and handsome Chancellor strode along. His popularity is very great among the people. The first day that I ever visited the Belchstag my guids was the custedian of the keys.

"I tog all langvitzes," he said affably, as he led the way into the big parliamentary building, "quyally inderminterigally. I tog inglish now some I agquire bractice.

"You're accent is wonderful."

"Yah, yah. I am simbul purvocation," he said. The Relenstag is not an imposing building, though substantial and strong. It is about half the eige of the New York Court House, without the dome. The smoking room is a long corridor-like apartment, with heavy le-ather chairs. Swinging doors lead from it into the main room where all the debates occur. This chamber resembles that of the Senate at Washington, but it is only about half the size. The chairs are smaller than the ones our own awel-inspiring solons ratite around in. A gallery runs around intree sides of the room, giving abundant room for members of the press, ministers, ambassadors, and sight-seers.

After we had walked down the main isle of the deserted chamber my guide pointed to the first chair on the right of the Speaker's desk and said solemnia;

"Siddown."

I dropped into a roomy wooden armehair.

"How yoo feel?"

"About as usual."

No diffrundt?

I shook my head. The custodian raised his fat face heavenward and rolled up his eyes.

"Vat grossity and goarseness. Dat's Bismarck's chair! I ou have now siddown in dat blace of greatest man in de vorid."

"Do you know the channellor?"

For twenty you."

"How yoo go the rining because he spoke to all men of lowly stati ruffled the dignified kindness of his manner when he came in contact with his friends or attendants. A political writer of some tame, who has a semi-official connection with the British Embassy here, said to me:

"I have seent a great many weeks and months in the Reichetag all in all, and the conviction has gradually strengthened since the first day that Bismarck is at heart the best-natured man in the world. He occupies a position amalogous to that of a solitary rock in a turbulent sea. Everything of moment is aimed at him, and he stands the brunt of all the lights. The pet and eager alm of every ignorant Denuty's life is to vanquish Bismarck, and the big Chancellor sits there year after year, while the fledglings in politics expend their puny force one after another in hysterical attempts to annoy him. It is a wonder that he has not become the most iraccible man on earth."

Von Moltke's face looks as though the natural skin had been replaced by a stretch of ancient and yellowish parchment. The lines are innumerable and they radiate regularly from the corners of his mouth when he smiles as ripples from a stone that is dropped through the surface of a placid pool. The smiles of the grizzled and wrinkled old Field Marshal are frequent enough, too, when he is abroad. The small army of little children who are taken to the War Office every day by their nurses to see the old commander stump about as though a man had just about reached his prime when well along in his eighty-ninh year, wave their hands doightedly at Count Von Moltke. None of them has a more genial winning, and childing smile than the head of the greatest army in the world. Military critics assert that not one of the counters to all her feminine descendents. It is difficult for the average American to reconcile royalty with fat, but it must be done. When one hears of a princess must always and move woman, the princes of Welss, have one in for their grandonlers, including the present Empress of Germany, are heavy, almost shapeless, and red-faced women—

Launch of Sir William Pearce's New Craft, the Lady Tortride. From the London Field. There was launched from the yard of the Salrfield Shubuilding and Engineering Company, April 2a steel soraw steam yacht. This yacht is built for Sir William Pearce, Bart. M. P., and has been especially supervised in all its arrangements. She has been built to Lloyd's highest class, of steel. She is 216 feet 6 inches long, 27 feet beam, and 19 feet depth moulded, and her tomage is 735 tons. The vessel is schooner rigged, is fitted with a steam windlass forward, and hand and steam steering gear att, with a small steering wheel on the bridge amidships. All the deck fittings, usually made of slarge steel deckhaines amidships covered with teak, eaclosing the engine and boiler space, deck saloon, and smoking room, and aftording entrances to the cabin forward and att.

The decorations and furnishings are most elaborate. The deck saloon and smoking room, and aftording on the second steel of the second second and the fore end of eck saloon. Bick and sandsome portifers are fitted at the sfore end of each second second and space and the second sec

A MESSAGE FROM THE SHORE.

"Guatemala is a mpd of liberty," said Senors Dolores M. deYrungary, a Central Amer-lean Spanish lady, a short time ago, as she settled herself comfortably in an easy chair on the deck of the steamer Granada from San Francisco, and bound eventually to arrive at Pan-ama, though lingering wearily at many small ports on the way. She lit a fragrant eigarette, and with evident enjoyment sent a cloud of smoke from her mouth and nostrils floating into the air. It may be mentioned that the Señora, in her waking moments, ceased smok-ing only when she was eating or talking. In a few seconds she removed the cigarette from her lips and proceeded to justify her assertion.

her lips and proceeded to justify her assertion.

"Steaming down this coast," she said, " as
we pass its small republics, I fall asleep under
one Government and awake under another."

"You are mistaken, Señora," interrupted the
pursor, speaking Spanish. "You sleep and
wake under the protection of the United States
Government, for its flag is floating over you."

The Sañara smilled assailenable. "I had for The Senora smiled graciously. "I had forgotten the presence of the Stars and Stripes." she said. " but I shall not require their protection after to-morrow morning. Though Guatemala banished me from its soil two years ago.

I am certain that if I committed any offence it is forgotten or forgiven long ago. After all, I only spoke as I felt; and my son and I will land at San José before breakfast."
"Humph. I am not quite sure about that," said the purser, in English; and the lady's son.

said the purser, in English; and the lady'sson, a tail, handsome young man, who dropped the "de" from his name, and called himsoif José Yrungary, looked doubtful and curious.

It was not very easy to learn what was the actual crime for which Senfora Dolores M. de Yrungary had been banished. The Spaniards on board pointed mysteriously to their months and said, "she taiked too much," and she certainly appeared to be a fluent and tireless conversationalist. It was finally ascertained that it was the quality and not the quantity of her rhetoric that had grown obnoxious to the Guatemaian Government, at which she had roundly railed. Like the trumpeter in the fable, she was considered more dangerous to appear to arms, and, after narrowly escaping death, she was invited to seek another home. Her son, who had written some objectionable articles for newspapers printed over the border lines of Guatemaia, was granted permission to accompany her, and told that he need not come back until he was sent for. The summons had not been received, and, as the Senfora was pining to see her daughter and her husband, who is a wealthy see manufacturer in San José, the young man half accepted his mother's assurance that their landing would not be opposed, and started from San Francisco.

Day was just breaking as the Granada's anchor plunged into the blue motionless water of the Pacific Ocean in the open port of San José, about 300 gards from the pier, and, as the light increased, four soldiers, with muskets and fixed bayonets, marched to the landing, grounded arms, and watched the ship.

It began to look as if trouble was brewing for somebody, but Senfora Dolores M. de Yrungary said she was satisfied that the massing of the troops had no connection with her case, and, despite all efforts made to dissuade her, she declared that she would go ashore in the first boat that came off; but the first boat was a Government craft, and in it est an official, who handed on deck a message, signed by the President, notifying the exilc that if she land a tall, handsome young man, who dropped the "de" from his name, and called himself José

LITTLE LIEUTENANT FRITZ. The Death of the Best Known Small Boy in Louisville,

Prom the Louisville Commercial.

Leniaville.

Prom the Louirville Commercial.

"Little Fritz" Schmidt, the boy pet of the police force, and as galiant a little fellow as ever wore brass buttons, has risen from his bed of sickness, but his awakening was in the world where sorrow and suffering may not tollow. His little body, what disease has left of it, lies a corpse in the little First street bakery, at whose door the stolid patrolman never failed to hait to salute the "little Lieutenant." Fritz's death had been momentarily expected throughout the long, painful weeks that he lay struggling with the dreadful disease that finally carried him off. His grave in Oave Hill had been purchased by the kind-hearted bluecoats who had fostered the boy almost since infancy, and when, at 5% o'clock last night, the news of his death was repeated, it was no surprise.

Fritz was 8 years old, and from the time he could first toddle about it was his babit to follow the police around their beats, mimicking their pompous stride, arresting his little comrades and cutting a thousand amusing anties. Finally the whole police force learned to love him and to welcome him as the cheering companion of their rounds. When he grew older, a little uniform was made for him, and the proudest day of his life was when he was christened "the little Lieutenant," and placed at the head of the police parade last fall.

About four months ago a tumor develoced on the little fellow's neck, and rapidly assumed fatal proportions. Charles Schmidt, his father, was in humble circumstances, and therefore unable to supply the dying child with many comjorts. His police friends, however, did not forget him in his last hours. Their willing subscriptions procured the best medical aid, the most nourishing food, and the most Stiffel nurses. But the boy was past mortal aid, and he died last night surprisences of the borre by six of the boy's nearest irends, all of them old policemen. All the expenses of the funeral will be borne by the olice force.

Behind the Hat.

From the Detroit Free Press There was a young woman at the theatre There was a young woman at the theatre one evening last week with a hat on like the leaning tower of Pisa. Behind her was another woman, vainly trying to see the play. Every few moments this woman would nudge her hashand and ask:

"Harry, dear, what are they doing now?"
Harry, dear, with set teeth—They have just thrown Jack over the elift down into a ravine 800 feet deep.

A little grant of satisfaction and sweet silence for several minutes.

for several minutes.

"Harry, dear, have they found his body?"

"It didn't kill him, goosie. They are trying
it over again," answered Harry, dear.

A succession of pistol shots, and Mrs. Harry
tries to climb over that hat in front of her, but
fails ignominiously to get either over or around
it.

fails ignominiously to get either over or around it.

"Harry, dear, what are they doing now?"

"They are throwing him down an old mining shaft. Now they set it on fire!"

"Oh, how lovely! and I can't see a single thing. What are they shouting for?"

"His sweetheart rescues him. She is lifting him out of the burning mine. He is saved."

More silence, and hirs. Harry contemplates the back hair of the owner of Plaa. Then more shouts.

"Harry, dear, what are they doing now?"

"It is a barroon it a mining camp. A fellow is just trying to sneak a drink."

A golden silence for a brief space, then—
"Harry, dear?"

"W-h-a-a-1?"

"Did he get it?"

What the Monarche Have,

The condition of the Emperor Frederick is known for vertain. The son of the Emperor William known for vertain. The son of the Emperor William is caused the second developer it will be a mirror disease. If he Frince Bismarck task the goat phisabilia rheumatism, neuragia, and seventy-three years. The health of the King of Holland is very doubtful. The King of Fight high one XiII, has the whopping cough the condition lately inspired uncasiness. Be sides, his Malesiy conducts humself very hadly in his cradic; he has a way of exhibiting his (astillar pride, aspecially in the bath tab, which disconcerts the ladies who groder him. Ernest Blum in the Rospel.

aspecially in the bath fub. which dissoneris any saving to probe him.

Onesn Victoria is in possession of a broughtits which the her of excessively. The Prince of Wales has induced after the case of Edioburgh's chronic redissumation. Sing Olto of Saveria is mad. The Emperor of America suffers from Lassitude, his air is gloomy, and his sights are resident. Then I have a treaty of ediance and friendship with those who have indicted sadows on me. The Empress Augusta is para-

iyaed

Prince William has a disease of the ear that obliges
him to keep his ream. Moreover, the accounts of his
health are treaterious, from the control of his
health are treaterious, from the control of the
son of Frederick III. will have to indergen an election
(the loss of the ear 7); eithers so further and descine
that his Hightness is as nich as his father, is not more so.

Yen Molitic has a solation, a demain which brings him
no treouss, which in fact is ruining him and & Years. The King of the Belgians has the Congo. King Humbert has Crispi.

PROPER ON HORSEBACK.

Equestrian Procityttles of Numerous States From the Washington Star.

Two striking flavures have become familiar to propose along the fashionals part of Rhode Island avenue and out Fourteenth street. They are livery on the proposed to the street of the proposed to the p

NAT TURNER'S REBELLION

THE UPRISING OF NEGROES UNDER THE LEAD OF AN OLD PREACHER.

Exciting Times in Virginia Baif a Century Ago-Lives Saved by the Fact that There Were Five Saturdays in August, 1831.

It was between 2 and 1 colock on the night of the shower of Soptember, 1831, that I was swakened by a loud call from without On opening the door I saw a man on horse-back at the gate, who requised me to come out. The myon was shirling brightly, and as I draw the myon was shirling brightly, and as I draw 1 and 1

plices in other counties had made any movement further than being ready for theblack day.

Turner's mistress, before this revolt, had married a second time to u man by the name of Day, and he allowed Uncle Nat all the privileges that he had previously enjoyed—to ge and come at pleasure, and he was, in fact, as free as his master. But Day and his wife and child were the first victims, and were butchered while in bed by the hand of Nat himself. It was a week or longer after the rebellion had been put down before Nat was arrested. When brought into the town of Jerusalem there was much excitament, and vengesnee was antispated if not threatened; and I nea the centerions mainly to show the difference in the temperament of our people at that day and at the present time.

Judge Parker was the presiding Judge of that district, and was in town when Nat was brought in. He saw and knew that summary justice was in contemplation, and in a few words quieted the angry multitude. He said to the crowd: "Virginians have always been noted for their submission and obedience to law. The man is charged with the very gravest of crimes, but the State believes that no one will violate her criminal laws, and guarantees to every man charged with a criminal offence a fair hearing before an impartial jury, and is to be deemed innocent until his guilt is fairly established by proof. I hope no violence will be offered to this man. He will be put in your county isl until the next term of your court when his case will be heard." He remained unmolested in the county jail until court, had his trial, was convicted, sentenced, had the usual time alouted condemned criminals, and paid the penalty of the law by hanging.

Up to the time of this outbreak Nat Turner had maintained the character of a pesceable and quiet man. He was evidently a monomaniae, superioduced partly by religious fanaticism and infammatory newspaper influence. He had bronded over this subject until he was a chacen instrument to carry out the decree of a higher power.

Longevity Notes.

Seventy-five years at the case was the experience of William A. Keil, who died recently in Milwankee. He had travelled in almost every country on the globe. Daniel Cameron of Austin. Minn., was 60 years old on Jan. I lie as always enjoyed good health. At the act of the foliand the English forces of Canada, and was in the war of 1812. He was captured by Americans while secuting, and impressed at Burlington, V.

Skin Diseases

Scrofula

Are caused by a depraved condition of the blood. External treatment only drives the cruptions to another, and often more vital, part. The most effective remedy is Ayer's karsasparilla. Which thoroughly cradicates all poison from the system.

"One of my children had a large sore break out on the leg. We applied simple remedies, for a while, thinking the sore would shortly heal. But it grew worse. We sought medical advice, and were told that an alterative medicine was necessary. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being recommended above all others, we commenced to use it with

Marvelous Results.

The sore rapidly bealed and health and strength returned."—J. J. Armstrong, Watmar, Texas.

"I certify that, for several years, I was troubled with dry sair-rheum on the back of my neck. After using two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I bedieve it has saved my life."—W. N. Phillips, P. M. and Merchant, Beaver Hidge, Knox Co., Tena.

"From Infancy I was afflicted with serofula, The doctor pronounced my case incurable. I was completely curied."—Louiss Knust, Mahons Bay, Nova Scotia.

"I consider there is no remedy that gives ac good satisfaction as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I use it is my practice whenever I need as alterative, and my reck mapidly healed and my strength gradually increased until I because the vigorous mass it is my practice whenever I need as alterative, and my neck mapidly healed and my strength gradually increased until I because the vigorous mass it is my practice whenever in need to the succession of the use of Ayer's Barsaparilla. I bought a local to the success of my need to the success of means, the product of the medicine, took it regularly and began to improve at oucc. Continuing the irreatment of the medicine, took it regularly and began to the product of the medicine, took it regularly and began to the product of the medicine, too

saparilla, two bottles of which made a complete a few bottles of which restored me to perfect health."—Leonard Brackett, West Haven, Conn. Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.